

Marc Almond, The Devil

A tenement, a dirty street
Walked and worn by shoeless feet
Inside it's long and so complete
Watched by a shivering sun
Old eyes in a small child's face
Watching as the shadows race
Through walls and cracks and leave no trace
And daylight's brightness shuns
The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run
Nose pressed hard on frosted glass
Gazing as the swollen mass
On concrete fields where grows no grass
Stumbles blindly on
Iron trees smother the air
But withering they stand and stare
Through eyes that neither know nor care
Where the grass is gone
The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run
Pearly where's your milk white skin
What's that stubble on your chin
It's buried in the rot gut gin
You played and lost not won
You played a house that can't be beat
Now look your head's bowed in defeat
You walked too far along the street
Where only rats can run
The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run
The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run
The race is almost run
A tenement, a dirty street
Remember worn and shoeless feet
Remember how you stood to beat
The way your life had gone
So Pearly don't you shed more tears
For those best forgotten years
Those tenements are memories
Of where you've risen from
The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost won